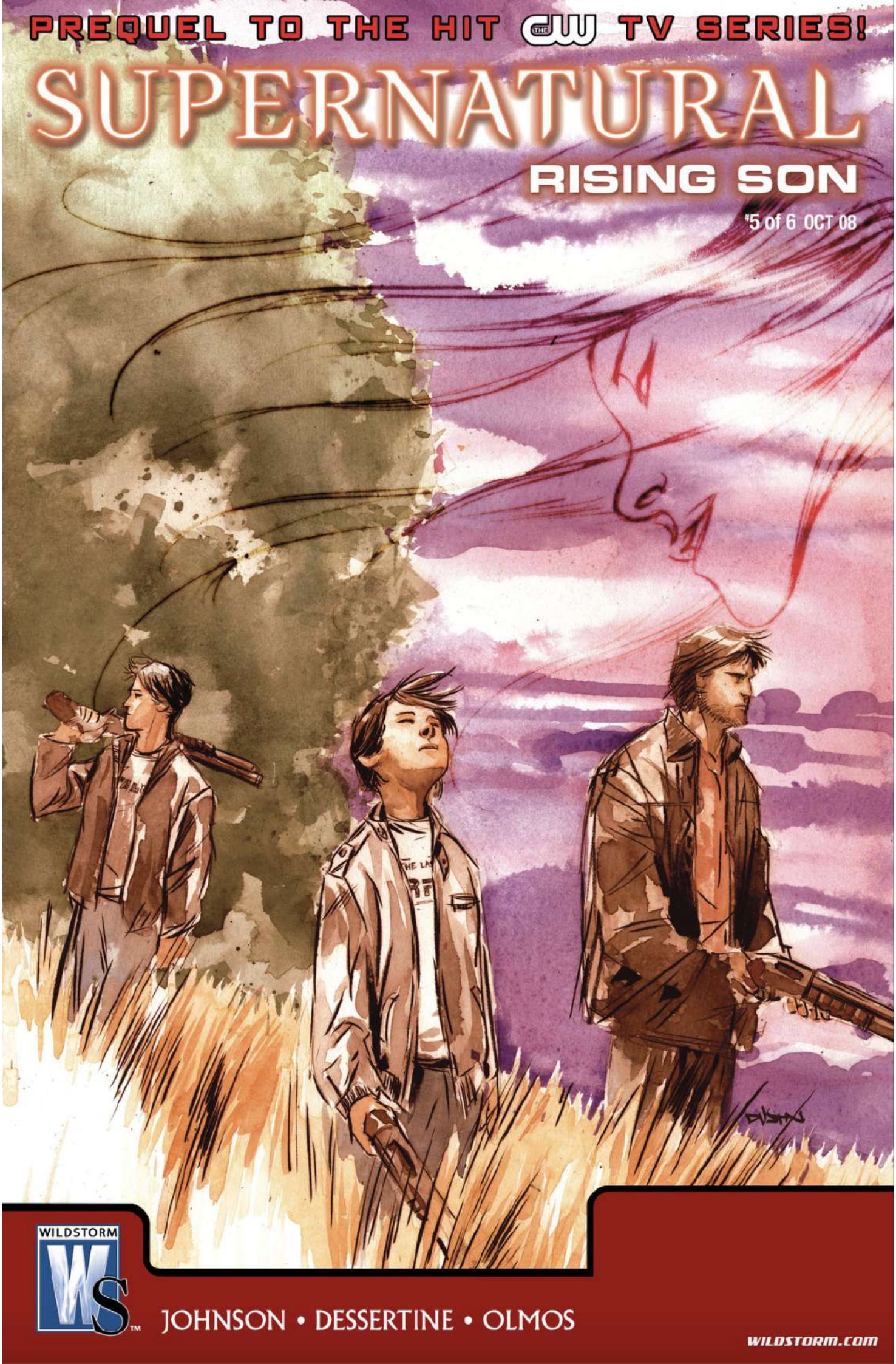
PREQUEL TO THE HIT THE CW TV SERIES!
SUPERNATURAL
RISING SON
#5 of 6 OCT 08
WILDSTORM
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My son killed a man.
Which one? That's the question, right?
Dean. Shot Anderson and sent that albino freak to hell where he belongs.
"It's over," he told me. Proud to save his brother. Proud to save his dad.
If he'd ever admit it out loud.
Anderson told me **others** would come.
For us.
For **Sam**.
MOTEL
Time to change the game.
Dean wants in. And I need him. But not out here. For now, he's got a place at his brother's side. Hard as it is for him to swallow. He'll understand soon, though.
One way or another, he'll understand that this is how it ends.

Bobby told me he'd heard talk about a couple Hunters out there on the fringe. Friends of Anderson's. Guys with a nasty habit of following lunatics like that albino.
And chances are Anderson didn't exactly keep his theory about Sam to himself. Friends tell friends.
YOU! YOU CAN'T WIN, WINCHESTER. WE'LL GET HIM--
And they tell others.
Unless they're dead.
BLAMM
BLAMM
So I've been putting a little list together. Pulled from whispers.
Favors.
Bribes.
IT'S NOT ABOUT ME, WINCHESTER!
And plenty worse than that.
PORTER AND HIS GUYS-- THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU. THEY'RE-- ACCCKKK--
I've done unimaginable things.

Sam.
I stood over you once, a long time ago. As your mother's blood dripped down on us both. One way of looking at it, I stood between life and death.
Years later, nothing's changed.
DAD, WHERE WE GOING NOW?
CAMPING. SORT OF.
OPEN
Camping is one word for it. Gotta hole up somewhere and get ready...

BOYS, HELP FRANKIE OVER HERE WITH THOSE BARRELS.
AMMO
Got to be ready for whatever... or whomever is coming.
Going underground. No choice that I can see.
Need a place that's deserted. Can't afford any civilian casualties.
Welcome To DALEVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.
Bobby told me about this place. It's completely off the map. No one knows this corner of the state even exists.
But more importantly, if anyone is comin'. I'm going to see them long before they see us.
DAD, THERE'S NO TV!
NO TIME FOR TV, DEANO. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
GEEZ, YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYIN' THAT.

Dean's cleaning guns at the kitchen table. Every days a damn picnic for the Winchester boys.
DEAN, YOUR BROTHER'S TRYING TO STUDY. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A BREAK FOR A FEW?
I'M ALMOST DONE, DAD.
SAM, GRAB ME A COUPLE FRESH RAGS, WOULD YA? THEY'RE OUT ON THE FRONT PORCH.
Something's coming.
I can feel it. The boys can, too.
But I'll be ready.

LATER.
DAD, WHAT'S GOING ON?
JESUS, SAM. DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE AWAKE.
JUST GETTING READY. IF ANYONE EVEN TOUCHES THE DOORS OR WINDOWS, I'LL KNOW.
WHY? WHO'S GONNA COME HERE? WHAT DO THEY WANT?
SHHHHHHHH, SAM. YOU HEAR THAT?
A little sooner than expected. God help us.

WAKE UP, DEAN. I NEED YOU TO GET YOUR BROTHER INTO THE HATCH.
YOU DON'T COME OUT UNLESS YOU HEAR DEAN SAY SO. OKAY, SAM?
DEAN'S NOT COMING IN WITH ME?
SAMMY, JUST GET IN, OKAY? JUST PRETEND IT'S A GAME. PRETEND WE'RE IN BOBBY'S JUNKYARD AND I'M TRYING TO FIND YOU.
JUST STAY REALLY QUIET, AND MAYBE YOU'LL WIN.
BUT DON'T COME *OUT*, SAMMY. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T COME OUT.
DON'T CALL ME SAMMY, DEAN. I'M NOT A BABY ANYMORE. I'LL BE AS BIG AS *YOU* ONE DAY SOON.
I KNOW YOU WILL. I KNOW.
WHADDYA THINK WE'RE FIGHTING FOR, LITTLE BROTHER?

FOUR CARS OUT THERE. JUST SITTING. WAITING.
WE'RE OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, DAD. THERE'S NO WAY OUT.
WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?
THEY'RE ALWAYS COMING, DEAN. ALWAYS. NEVER FORGET THAT.
ONCE YOU TAKE THAT AS A GIVEN, YOU START TO THINK TWO OR THREE STEPS AHEAD.
YOU START TO KNOW THAT YOUR DEATH IS AROUND EVERY CORNER.
"SO YOU BETTER *BURN BRIGHT* IF YOU WANT TO ESCAPE."

JOHN, WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE. JUST GIVE US WHAT WE WANT AND WE'LL LEAVE.
DON'T FORCE US TO COME IN THERE. YOU'LL DIE, AND YOU KNOW IT. AND YOUR FAMILY'S BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HEAD.
WHY DO THEY WANT TO KILL US, DAD? WHY CAN'T WE JUST TALK TO THEM?
MEN ARE ALWAYS WANTING TO KILL WHAT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND.
REMEMBER WHAT YOU FELT LIKE WHEN YOU SHOT ANDERSON? WHEN YOU PULLED THE TRIGGER AND ENDED A MAN'S LIFE?
YOU DID IT BECAUSE YOU HAD TO. BECAUSE YOU HAD NO CHOICE.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO DIE HERE, DEAN. NONE OF US. SO GET YOURSELF READY. GET READY TO KILL AGAIN.
START SHOOTING ON THE COUNT OF THREE. UNDERSTAND?

My son killed a man.
Which one? That's the question, right?
Or better yet, will he kill again? That's what everyone out there wants to know.
COUNT OF THREE, DEAN...
READY, DAD.
ONE.
"TWO."
THREE!
NOW, DEAN! SHOOT NOW! AND DON'T STOP.
BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM

PING
PING
PING
PING
PING
NOT GOOD ENOUGH, JOHN. GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO RETURN THE FAVOR.
DAD, THOSE GUYS DIDN'T EVEN MOVE!
I KNOW. THEY'RE...
...Demons.
QUICKLY, DEAN. I NEED YOUR HELP.
GET BEHIND IT ONCE IT FALLS!

BLAMM
BOOM
BLAMM
BOOM
BANG

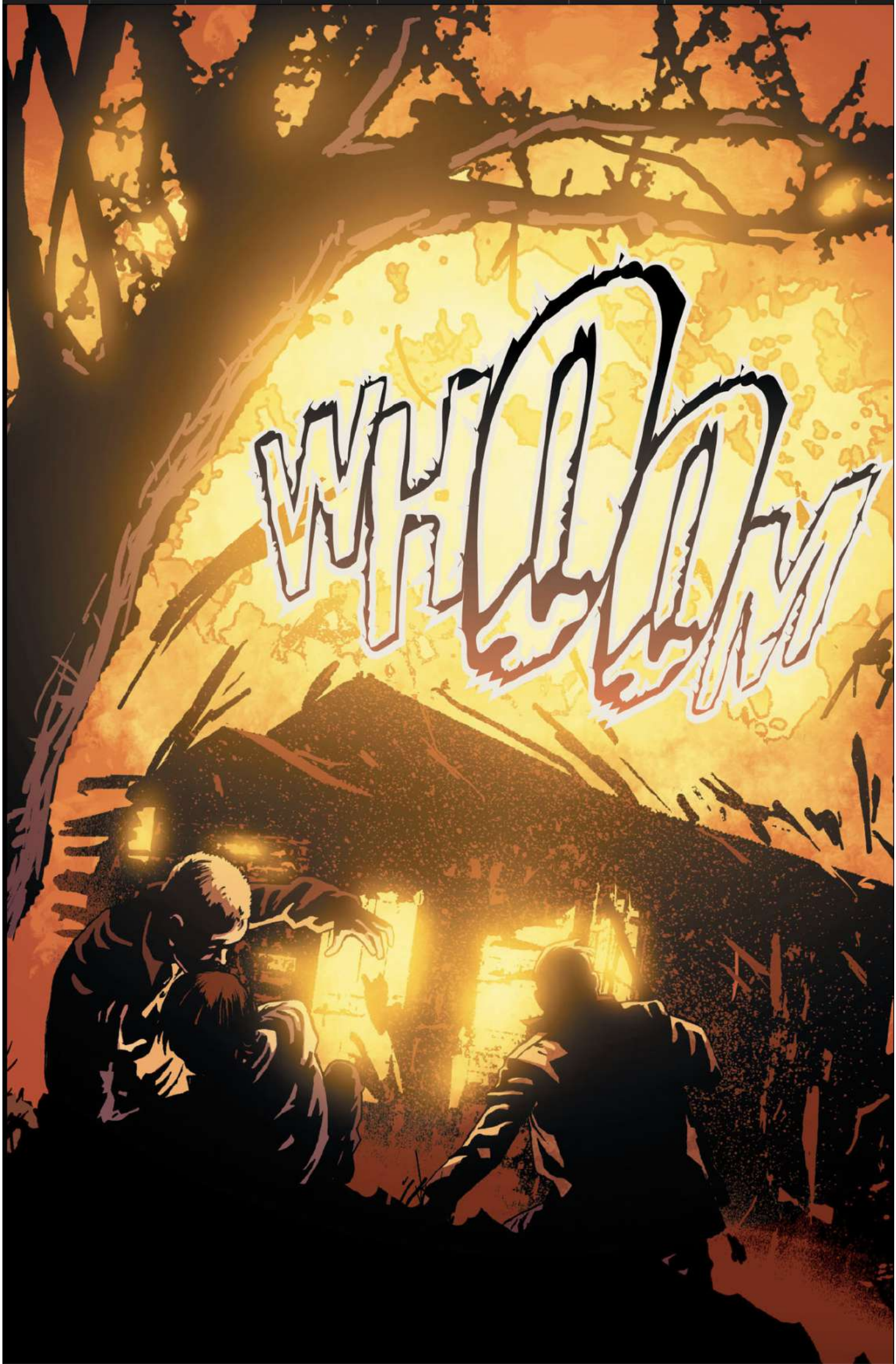
DAD! DEAN!
WE'RE OKAY, SAM. WE'RE OKAY. DON'T MOVE. ALL RIGHT, BUDDY?
DAD, I'M SCARED--
JUST LET US TAKE CARE OF THIS, AND WE'LL GETCHA OUT.
DAD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DEAN, BRING ME THAT BACKPACK OVER THERE IN THE CORNER.
THOSE DON'T LOOK LIKE NORMAL SHELLS.
THEY'RE NOT. THEY'RE FILLED WITH SALT.
SEE THAT SACK OVER THERE? I NEED YOU TO BRING IT OVER.
WHAT'S WITH ALL THE SALT?
SALT CAN BE YOUR BEST FRIEND. TRUST ME.
CHA-CHINK

IT'S NOT GONNA KILL THESE GUYS, BUT IT MIGHT SLOW 'EM DOWN.
BLAMM
UNNGGGHH!
And right now...
BLAMM
AGGHH--
BLAMM
...I need all the time I can get.
BLAMM
STAY HERE, DEAN. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
DAD! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

DEAN. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. I NEED YOUR HELP.
NO SWEAT, WINCHESTER.
"PLENTY OF WAYS TO SKIN A CAT."

THAT'S A LOT OF WIND, DAD.
DEAN, GET YOUR BROTHER OUT OF THE HATCH. NOW!
COME ON, SAMMY.
EVER BEEN TO LIBERTYVILLE, JOHN? NICE LITTLE TOWN IN ILLINOIS. FRIEND OF YOURS THERE SAYS *HI*. MS. LYLE. I'M SURE YOU REMEMBER HER.
WELL, SHE'S *LILITH* TO US, BUT WHAT'S IN A NAME, REALLY?
WE'RE LEAVING HERE WITH YOUR BOY. TIME'S UP.

WHERE IS HE?
COME ON IN, EVERYONE JOIN THE PARTY...
I left you a present.
HEY-- LOOK AT THIS.
A DEVIL'S TRAP?!?
GODDA--
GOD HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS. IT'S ME, GONNA SEND YOU BACK TO HELL--
BLAM!


WHOOM

Back to hell.
Until the next time. And the time after that. Again and again.
And each time, we kick and scream, and, if we're lucky, we live to fight another day.
Survival instinct, right? Or folly? A rational man would probably just give up. Why waste time fighting?
A rational man is trained by the world everyone **out there** knows. But my world is different. My world is about...
...them.
SAM, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO SEE THAT. BUT WE HAD NO CHOICE. THEY WERE BAD MEN, COMING TO GET--
--YOU.
--TO GET ALL OF US. I COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN, UNDERSTAND?
YEAH. BUT... BUT DAD?
DID THIS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH...
...ME?
The world is filled with rational men. It's also filled with **fathers**. Guys like me, who would slit the throat of **anyone** who tries to pry their sons away from them.
OF COURSE NOT, SAM. LIKE I SAID, THEY WERE BAD MEN.

TWO DAYS LATER.
THE LAND OF LIN
DAD, WHERE ARE WE?
REMEMBER BILL AND PAM? YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THEM FOR A FEW YEARS. SAM WAS JUST A BABY--
I REMEMBER. I REMEMBER WONDERING IF YOU'D EVER COME BACK.
BUT I DID, DEAN. I ALWAYS DO.
AND I WILL THIS TIME, TOO.
THIS ISN'T ABOUT COMING BACK, DAD. THIS IS ABOUT YOU LEAVING ME. LEAVING US. YOU ALWAYS TELL ME TO TAKE CARE OF SAM. YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE YOU'RE ALWAYS GONE.
SO THEN I SIT AWAKE AT NIGHT, HOPING YOU'LL COME BACK. AND WONDERING WHAT I'D DO IF YOU DIDN'T.
"THIS TIME'S DIFFERENT, DEAN."
"WHY? WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT?"
"I...I CAN'T TELL YOU RIGHT NOW. I JUST--"
FORGET IT.
WAKE UP, SAMMY. TIME FOR US TO GO.

Ms. Lyle. Sue. Or Lilith. Or whatever the hell your name is.
I'm coming for you.
I'm not waiting. Or running. Or hiding. I'm **fighting**. And I'm going to **kill** you.
You're now leaving
ELGIN

NICE TO HAVE SOME YOUNG FOLKS IN THE HOUSE. YOU BOYS ARE GROWING UP JUST *FINE*.
YOUR DAD'S A GOOD MAN.

"HE'S JUST TRYING TO DO THE BEST HE CAN FOR YOU.
"TRYING TO PROTECT YOU.
"I JUST HOPE IT'S ENOUGH.

'CUZ I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET.

THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH EVIL.
CHAPTER Five
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TO BE CONTINUED